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The Week

AS an achievement in political oratory, Homer Cummings's keynote address ranks high. Compare it with Lodge's address before the Republican convention. Cummings was direct, forcible, buoyant; Lodge was captious, cynical, negative. The difference may be accounted for in part by the personal qualities of the two speakers. But it can not be wholly accounted for in that way. Cummings could honestly claim for his party a remarkable record for constructive work. The domestic reforms of the first Wilson administration were in fact of extraordinary importance. And American performance in the war, under Democratic guidance, will appear more creditable to the historians of the future, who will know how to separate the big things from the little, than to contemporary students of politics, necessarily more alive to defects in matters of detail. Lodge could not have made the recent record of the Republican party inspiring, because there is nothing very inspiring in it. To good purpose, we believe, whether with excellent motives or not, the Republicans held up the Treaty. That is practically all they have done.

HOMER CUMMINGS is not to be blamed because he confined his discussion to those points in which the party has done well and omitted all reference to less satisfactory points in the record. The voters will not, however, forget those other points. They will not forget that the administration systematically exploited war intolerance to attain ends that could have been attained by more respectable means. They will not overlook the fact that the Administration sponsored laws more inimical to liberty than any ever before proposed in America. Palmer and Burleson will not be soon forgotten. The voters will not forget that the Peace Treaty, which the Democrats say we are in honor bound to underwrite, rests upon a dishonorable repudiation of the pledges on which the armistice was based. The voters will not forget that the promised League of Peace turned out to be essentially an alliance of conquerors to safeguard the spoils. The voters will not return the Democrats to power in gratitude for the things they have done well and in oblivion of the things they have done ill. They will exact penitence for the misdeeds first of all.

THE Democrats can not be wholly blind to the necessity of breaking with the dubious parts of their record. They could not do that in a keynote speech, nor could they move far in this direction in their written platform. That would have been to open too wide a breach to Republican attack. But the real platform on which the Democrats will stand in November will not be the written document adopted at San Francisco. A process of interpretation, amplification, relocation of emphasis always sets in with the adjournment of a party convention. Whether this process shall rehabilitate the Democrats in the eyes of the voter depends largely upon the degree of independence developed by the candidate. If the administration can compass it, the possibilities of party success will be subordinated to the requirements of vindicating the administration, and the administration remains powerful, politically. Still,

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there is another influence which may be expected to operate vigorously in the opposing direction. That is the influence of the office holders, who do not care to go down to slaughter in a retrospective campaign.

POLITICAL bankruptcy is the only adequate explanation of the prominence of the wet and dry issue in the counsels of the Democrats at San Francisco. An intimation of a "liberal" enforcement of the prohibition amendment might win over to the Democracy some of the more populous industrial states. But imagine the party returned to power on such a promise. How would the promise be fulfilled? By a substitute for the Volstead act defining light wine and beer as non-intoxicating? We are likely to discover that there are Constitutional limitations upon evading the Constitution. Or had the leaders of the wets in mind some sort of unwritten nullification scheme, analogous to that by which the South has handled the suffrage question? The Constitution will not long possess binding force over the minds of men if that kind of disintegration is tolerated.

IF women are to vote for President under Constitutional provision they will apparently be indebted to the Democrats for the privilege. Harding has refused to apply pressure to the Republican states that might ratify. Wilson has applied pressure to Tennessee, to induce that state to disregard its own constitution and ratify the amendment in special session. The governor has agreed to call the session, although his personal political fortunes are not likely to be advanced by the adoption of the amendment. According to a partial canvass of the members of the legislature, it seems fairly certain that the amendment will be adopted. Whatever political value there may be in the gratitude of the women voters should then accrue to the Democrats.

HARDING'S record as a champion of big business will no doubt be thoroughly exploited in the next four months. The World has already begun to publish excerpts from his defense of the armor plate interests. Harding was able to "reach no other conclusion than that this whole movement [for a government armor plate plant] is inspired by the suspicion or conviction that somebody has been making enormous profits in serving the government. Expressed in plain English, there is a fear or conviction that those who make armor plate for the navy are inordinately profiting through their operations; that there is essentially no competition; that the government is excessively charged, and it is more or less of a crime to make money." Harding had never entertained the notion that it might not be the best public policy to maintain private business concerns engaged at the same time in arming us against our potential enemies and our potential enemies against us.

IN one point the Harding campaign is not a mere repetition of the McKinley campaign of 1896. Harding has declared unacceptable campaign contributions of above a thousand dollars. If his wish is respected there will be no huge sums from individuals and corporations expecting to benefit from the policies of the administration. That is a relief, after the primary scandals. It is good policy, too. Either the Republicans can win without a huge campaign chest, or they are not likely to win at all.

THE railway wages award is now definitely promised for July 20th. Increases in wages ranging from twenty to twenty-seven per cent are to be granted, retroactive to May 1st. This forecast has been extracted from the Railway Labor Board by the officers of the Brotherhoods, who found that the delays incident to the decision were destroying the morale of the unions and preparing the way for an outlaw strike of uncontrollable magnitude. It is too early to say whether the award will restore contentment in the industry. Unauthorized strikes are still going on, and there is much sympathy among the Brotherhood members with the demand of the outlaw strikers that they recover their jobs with their seniority privileges unimpaired. There is ground for this sympathy. Without the outlaw strikes President Wilson might have delayed indefinitely about constituting the Railway Labor Board and there might have been no award for months.

MEXICO, under its new government, means to pay its debts, to give due consideration to foreign claims for damages under the successive revolutions, to apply the constitution in such a manner as to avoid retroactive effects. That is not enough for the oil men, who have demanded of the government the cancellation of all decrees promulgated by Carranza and the right of unrestricted exploration and exploitation. An ultimatum: so their demand is characterized. Do they regard themselves as in a way an independent sovereignty, to make war or peace, or do they suppose that they dispose finally of the power of the United States to enforce their wishes? In the Mexican plank of the Republican platform, and still more in the Fall report, a basis was laid for highhanded and presumptuous dealings with the Mexican government. The Republicans are not yet absolutely certain of victory, nor is it absolutely certain that if they win the American people will follow eagerly

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upon a course of policy that has no other ground than the greed for another people's natural resources.

ACCORDING to the calculations of the World, there are at present thirty wars, of greater or less importance. The League, which was to end war, is in operation, we must remember. It lacks the adhesion of the United States, but practically every other nation which can meet the Allied requirements for admission is party to the Covenant. If America had joined, would there be peace? That is the argument of President Wilson's followers. In some sense not clearly intelligible America is supposed to be the keystone of the arch of peace. This is not the view of foreign statesmen. Lloyd George says that the redemption of Europe from chaos is the work not of the League but of the Supreme Council.

THE Supreme Council itself, stripped of unessentials, consists of Lloyd George and Millerand. These two gentlemen, practically without any parliamentary control, propose and dispose in the affairs of men according to their own wisdom. It is not strange that liberals like Gardiner of the London Daily News, who do not place unlimited confidence in Lloyd George and Millerand, demand the dissolution of the Supreme Council. It is in fact a despotism, benevolent or otherwise. Two men, in private conference, decide that it is a good thing to give Venizelos a free hand in Asia Minor. Greek forces are thrust forward along the Sea of Marmora, redeeming Greek communities and conscripting their youth for further redemption. And in the remote district of Trebizond Turkish Nationalists are uprooting other Greek communities which have managed to maintain their continuity ever since Xenophon marched into them with his Ten Thousand. Those communities could have been given military protection. They are within reach of the power that rules the seas. But inscrutable are the ways of the Supreme Council.

ANY one who supposes that the blockade of Russia is being maintained on account of the atrocities and alleged immoralities of the Soviet regime will find something to think about in Premier Millerand's statement of policy. "The day when the Soviet government appears to understand that its first duty is to keep its engagements with other governments and not try to stir up revolution, and the day it declares it will accept responsibility for all engagements contracted by its predecessors, the French government would consider according to it, in agreement with the Allies, recognition as the representative government of Russia." There is no talk of a constituent assembly, of the restoration of property to the emigrés, of refraining from terroristic methods. France will not only trade with Russia, but will recognize the Soviet government, if Russia will pay the bonds of the old regime.

IN the meantime the French government backs the Poles with expert military advice and probably with munitions in their campaign against Russia on Russian soil. In that campaign reports of successes and retreats alternate monotonously. The line appears to be thinly held on both sides. Either can drive through and capture particular points, with a respectable showing of prisoners. Anything like a conclusive result appears extremely remote. The net result of all this war making is merely to postpone economic recovery in both Russia and Poland. It is time for the Supreme Council to invite the Poles back to their proper boundaries and restore peace.

ITALIAN sentiment has undergone a revolution since the time when Italian ambitions all but wrecked the peace conference, to judge from the cordial reception by the Chamber of Giolitti's program. The premier declared that the government favored, not a protectorate, but independence for Albania. He proposes an amendment to the constitution giving Parliament alone the right to declare war and requiring its ratification of treaties, a reform which would place a severe handicap in the way of imperialistic enterprise. He wishes to restore friendly relations with all nations, without delay. His financial program involves heavy reductions in expenditures for the army and a great increase in taxation, including what we should call a retroactive levy on war profits, calculated to confiscate the greater part of the war fortunes.

JOHN L. TILDSLEY, as associate superintendent of schools of New York City, has proved himself in the last years to be one of the most valiant supporters of the doctrine that in entering the public schools a man or woman forfeits the right to independent opinion, outside of the class room as well as within it. That is a doctrine which must inevitably repel from the teaching profession many who love teaching and are eminently qualified to teach, but who esteem truth and honor above all things. It is gratifying that when the question of Tildsley's reappointment came before the Board of Education sufficient opposition developed to put the matter off to a later meeting. Sooner or later the autocrats will have to go, in America as in Germany.

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The Future of the Democratic Party

THE Democrats may well feel proud of their party's history and record. It can boast of a more or less useful and continuous existence for approximately one hundred and twenty-five years, which entitles it to be called the oldest living organized political party. During these four generations it has rendered exceptionally valuable services to the American people and to the cause of democracy throughout the world. At a time when democracy was a doubtful and a somewhat disreputable experiment, it proclaimed its faith in popular self-government, and it placed at the disposal of popular government a new and a necessary instrument. It united a majority of the American people in an effective allegiance to the democratic idea. It proved the value of organized national parties in a society which derives its source of immediately effective political authority from the will of the majority of its citizens. It devised the first workable plan of party organization. From 1800 until today it has again and again shown itself capable of taking over the machinery of government and of operating it with at least tolerable efficiency. These are considerable achievements which account for the grip which the party still has upon so many millions of American people.

The continuous existence of the Democratic party since 1800 and before is sharply contrasted with the lack of any similar continuity on the part of its rivals. The Federalists wrote the Constitution and organized a government under its provisions, but these great services did not prevent it from being a few years later literally exterminated by the Jeffersonian Democrats. The Whig successors of the Federalists contained most of the able political leaders of the Middle Period, but they fought a losing battle against the Jacksonian Democracy. As an ostensibly national party they did not survive their abortive attempt to deal with the issue raised by the constitutional existence of slavery in the American Republic in the spirit of legalistic rather than democratic nationalism. Their refusal to seek outside of the Constitution the remedy for a disease which was rooted in the Constitution killed the Whig party, but curiously enough an analogous failure did not kill the Democracy. Although the Democrats tried, like the Whigs, to evade an issue which they were incapable of handling in a sufficiently radical manner and although they took for the most part the wrong side in the most prolonged and costly war ever waged by the American people, they, unlike the Whigs, survived their still more flagrant failure. Since the Civil War they have fought the Republican successors of the Whigs at a disadvantage, but they have won four out of thirteen elections and have frequently pressed the Republicans hard. As contrasted with their opponents they have shown extraordinary endurance. They have survived schisms and errors, the like of which wrecked the more sensitive and more vulnerable associations of the Federalists and the Whigs.

It looks as if a party which has survived so many vicissitudes and such a disastrous failure could survive anything and was endowed if not with the spirit of perpetual youth, at least with the spirit of perpetual old age. Whether they are so endowed is an interesting and important question which during the national convention of the Democratic party may well receive some consideration. Is the Democracy as vital a political organization as its history and long record of services indicate?

In our opinion it is not. It looks as if the Democratic party had outlived its usefulness. If it survives in anything like its present form, its survival will be a sign, not of its own vitality, but of the rigidity and senility of American party politics. The needs of a pioneer society and economy which it was designed to meet and which it did sucessfully meet until 1850 have passed away. The political principles which it flourished as the best method of dealing with these needs have lost their former reality and no longer have any formative effect on either the program or the behavior of the party. The Democrats have ceased to believe in or to practice the historic slogans of the party—states-rights, decentralization, strict construction or the protection of the mass of the people against the power of money. They were, of course, fully justified in discarding political tendencies which the realities of contemporary politics and economics have rendered obsolete, but unfortunately, while discarding obsolete phrases, they discarded some of the permanently valuable elements in the heritage of democracy. If there was one principle which the Jeffersonian Democracy considered more important than other principles, it was the principle that a Democratic party should protect the liberties of individual citizens against the arbitrary power of government. Yet it is a Democratic government which with the support of its party has violated these principles. It has both in its legislation and in its administration of that legislation exhibited a callous indifference to the rights which the Constitution and the creed of Democracy were supposed to guarantee to the in-

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dividual American. A Democratic party which can approve of the suppression and persecution of opinion which has taken place in this country during the last few years has compromised both its historical and its logical reason for existence.

This lack of coherent conviction is bound under the fluid and treacherous conditions of contemporary politics to count against the Democrats in their competition for popular favor with the Republicans. The convention of 1920, whatever else it did, fastened upon the Republican party the performance of a specific and useful service in American politics. It has for the time being identified Republicanism with conservatism. It has committed the party to an attitude in relation to social and industrial problems analogous to that which the Whigs assumed in relation to slavery. It must now seek to deal with those problems, not by adopting a policy as radical as the causes of social unrest, but by patchwork legislation which starts from the assumption that the causes of the unrest are superficial. This commitment to conservatism may well mean the ultimate submergence of Republicanism under the rising tide of progressive democracy, but that tide, if it rises at all, is likely to rise slowly. In the meantime the Republicans will endure as the party of resistance to any and all forms of radical progressivism. With the Republicans definitely committed to a policy of conservative resistance the Democrats would in the ordinary course of party controversy become the spokesmen of progressivism. But, as we pointed out last week, they have disqualified themselves for acting as progressives by their recent behavior. The only way in which they could regain the confidence of the more radical element in American public opinion would be to repudiate the policy of the Wilson administration in censoring opinion and in violating individual rights as completely as the Democratic convention of 1896 repudiated the financial policy of the Cleveland administration.

Apart, however, from Burleson and Palmer, the essays in progressivism made by the Democrats since 1896 under the leadership first of Bryan and then of Wilson leave no room for any further illusion that the Democracy as a party is capable of acting as the advance guard of a progressive program. William J. Bryan was the first national American political leader to protest against the abuses of political and economic privilege in this country, but he never traced these abuses to their real sources and his proposed remedies would have been ineffective. Woodrow Wilson, after the failure of the "New Freedom" to function as the basis in ideas of a progressive movement, attempted towards the end of his first term to take over part of the program of Roosevelt progressivism, but the attempt was short-lived and insincere. Mr. Wilson's policy after the armistice gave evidence of an utter lack of progressive conviction in relation to domestic problems. In truth neither he nor Mr. Bryan ever understood the causes of social unrest in an industrial society. As Democrats who associated individual freedom with the survival intact of a competitive and territorial economic system, they were incapable of understanding it. This incapability is probably fundamental. If they repudiated Burleson and Palmer, the Democrats might conceivably become more progressive than the Republicans. But unless they abandoned the traditions of their party as expressly and completely as the Republicans abandoned Whiggism, they could not place behind their comparative liberalism any sufficiently articulate radical and moving body of progressive conviction.

If the Democracy is not capable of surviving as the progressive antidote to stand-pat Republicanism, what sufficient excuse has it for surviving at all? Only, of course, the excuse of possessing an honored tradition, a capable national organization, the unthinking allegiance of many million voters, and the ability to deliver the vote of the Southern States to any and all party candidates. The last is a formidable excuse, which accounts for both the strength and the weakness of the Democracy since the Civil War. This solid block of states which are Democratic for a special purpose wholly irrespective of what Democracy stands for, has enabled the Democrats to keep in the political running, but it has gradually undermined the party as a focus of economic and political conviction. It explains why the Democracy can repudiate all its party traditions and yet remain superficially more united than the Republicans. But this excuse for survival, powerful as it is, will be less powerful during a period of positive and aggressive conviction in American politics and of a forward movement in American social policy than it has been during the period, now, we hope, coming to an end, of intellectual and social stagnation. A third party which showed any vitality would, of course, gain many recruits from the Republicans but the larger part of its membership would come from those people in the North and the West who have usually voted Democratic. It is possible that the attempt to form a third party will fail and in that case the Democrats and the Socialists will divide the benefit of the failure. But if it succeeds, its success is more likely to put an end to the Democratic party than to the existing Republican party.

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Almost Painfully Polite

"ALMOST painfully polite" the militant suffragists found Mr. Harding when they went to ask that candidate what he and his Republican colleagues would do to get a special session of the legislature called, either in Connecticut or Vermont. "I need not tell you," Mr. Harding said, "of my interest in the consummation of woman's suffrage." What would he do to help? Well, "if any state executive should ask my opinion about extraordinary efforts to consummate suffrage, I frankly will commend the thing you desire." One reservation, however, if Senator Harding is rightly quoted by the New York World: "I am a listening candidate. I cannot use a weapon over the members of my party."

This Republican campaign promises to be the politest campaign on record. No one's feelings are to be hurt, if a listening candidate can help it. Neither the feelings of militant suffragists nor of recalcitrant governors nor of anyone else who has a special interest. Are you a believer in mild reservations? Your reservations are not so mild as Mr. Harding. Are you an irreconcilable? You will find Mr. Harding agreeing with you perfectly that we cannot be too careful about accepting obligations overseas. Perhaps you think we ought to send an army into Mexico. Mr. Harding will be able to understand your point of view, whether or not he agrees with it; but he knows that all such matters need the most careful sort of consideration. Perhaps you think our armies should be kept at home. Well, that is a viewpoint which ought also to be most carefully considered; but probably Mr. Harding will grant you that there may be something to be said for it. To the front porch in Marion this summer will stream a hopeful host of visitors. There will be wets and drys, non-resistants and devotees of military trainng, great-navy men and no-navy men, men and women who hold dissimilar ideas about ships and budgets, banks and bonds, tariff bills and taxes, management of railways and management of men. To the listening candidate these visitors will tell their stories. And they will come away, perhaps a little vague, but confident that a more agreeable man to argue with than Mr. Harding rarely can be found. "He is the kind of candidate," says Mr. Myron Herrick, "we want at this period when the nerves of the world are on edge. It is a time for peace and goodwill."

No one can put peace and goodwill to better service than the leaders of the Republican party. The fact of the matter is that Republican harmony, now widely boasted of by the party's statesmen, is largely built upon the homely virtue of politeness which Mr. Harding typifies. If the various spokesmen of the party are in agreement about any[illegible]ey are in agreement now to be as mutually courteous as possible. For it is still true that the Republican party, despite any surface indication of cohesiveness, remains today a party of incohesive factions. To be sure, that faction most militant in recent years has been eliminated. A small band of more determined Progressive leaders has left the party. A few of them went over to the Democrats when the 1916 convention nominated Hughes; others simply went out into the wilderness. Some of the militants, today, are enrolled in the Committee of 48, working for a new party. Some will be satisfied, this year, to cast a protest vote. And others, possibly, have simply lost interest.

But the departure of its most rebellious members by no means leaves the Republican party a homogeneous organization. There still remains, on most essential points of public policy, a lively difference of opinion. Senator Fall wants intervention in Mexico unless Mexico revises its constitution to satisfy our own oil interests. A good many Republicans agree with him. But William Allen White, in Emporia, Kansas, does not agree with him—and there are a good many Emporias in this country, and a good many similarly-minded Republicans in each one of them. Again, Mr. Taft, Mr. Murray Crane and a number of other Republicans want the United States to enter the League of Nations. But the irreconcilables say no. And the irreconcilables were strong enough, at Chicago, to compel the writing of a League and Treaty plank which simply means that whatever international policy Mr. Harding chooses to follow, if he becomes President, can be reconciled with his party's platform. Mexico and the League of Nations are two points of Republican disagreement, whenever either issue is squarely met, and there is a similar difference of opinion in most of the other issues that really matter. To be sure, the various Republican Right wings are not far enough from the various Lefts to ask the latter's deportation from the country. But the disagreement is real enough. Factional lines overlap on different issues; but upon any single issue of importance there is enough difference of opinion to manufacture a good quarrel whenever the first concrete action of a Republican administration comes along to kindle it.

Chicago failed to supply the Republican party with a positive doctrine of belief. The most nearly positive achievement of the convention was to prevent an active bolt. But the obscurity of the platform, at its most interesting points, is itself proof that there are still factions inside the party vigorous enough to quarrel over anything more explicit. Instead of running the risk of working for a positive platform, the Republicans at Chicago chose to pro-

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ceed on the principle of alienating no one who could possibly be saved.

That, as Mr. Harding and his official colleagues show us, is to be the keynote of the campaign as well. The Republicans are rallying around zero. Those tactics may work successfully. The prize is Republican administration of the country. Politeness of each faction to the other, and of all factions to everybody else, may keep any considerable group of party members from flying off suddenly at a tangent. Of course, with the Republicans in power, Mr. Harding will no longer be able to alienate nobody. Some positive figure, then, will take the place of the present zero—and to official harmony the results will probably be disastrous. But in the meantime, with the "elimination of Wilsonism" as a good negative issue, the Republicans may be able to hold their present place as favorites in the race that ends November 2nd. They are not likely to add new converts to Republicanism. The party reached maximum density just before the convention in Chicago. It has been precipitating ever since. And it will go on losing votes to the Democrats, to the new party and even to the Socialists, right up to the Tuesday after the first Monday in next November.

Very likely it will still have a margin of safety then. But a moderately courageous and unusually lively Democratic campaign might force the Republicans to change their present plans. So might a third party attack with a cohesive platform and a candidate whose record did not confuse the issue. Either of these developments—preferably both—might force the Republicans to scrap their program of negative action and swing to something positive. In default of such exterior pressure no change in present tactics is likely to be made. The official Republican leaders, whatever other traits they show, will continue to be almost painfully polite.

Delegates

OPINIONS differ as to which convention city harbored the better-looking lot of delegates, Chicago or San Francisco. All opinions agree that in appearance neither the Republicans nor the Democrats were noble specimens of the earth-born and earth-bred. Nobody would think of exporting either outfit to another planet, as samples of the physically best that we can turn out on this. Almost nobody would care to send either set of delegates abroad to show the Europeans what living an American life can do for the human body. In such an exhibition we should all prefer to have the United States represented by younger and less sedentary persons. Pole-vaulters and hammer-throwers from California, Cornell oarsmen cowboys, Bill Hart, Babe Ruth, unmarked pugilists, hurdlers, youngish traffic cops—a thousand of these, if we were lucky enough to get a thousand together, and could be sure they were all Americans, we could offer with pride to the inspection of another hemisphere or another planet. But not the thousand who sweated at Chicago. Not the thousand who cooled themselves in the San Francisco breezes. Not the delegates to any party convention within the memory of man.

Our national task would be harder still if we were choosing a thousand to represent not the American body at its most expert and its comeliest, but the American brain at its keenest and most active. Such a thousand would include engineers, corporation lawyers, biologists, architects, labor leaders, financiers, navigators, manufacturers, strike organizers, college professors, explorers, a few of each. It would include a stray clergyman, a Supreme Court judge or so, perhaps even a lonely editor. Notwithstanding the disfavor into which idealism has fallen, one thousand would be un-American if it left all the idealists out. A humorist or two would have to be admitted, the more sentimental and cynical the better. Such a thousand would not resemble, even distantly, even faintly, the San Francisco or the Chicago delegates. An optimist may say these gentry represented something. No optimist in his right mind, if such there be, would say they represented the effectiveness or the variety of the American brain. Even if we were making a narrower choice, if we were picking men and women notable for political common sense, none of us would choose in a lump the delegates to a national convention.

Every delegate is regarded by himself, by his mother or his wife, and possibly by the persons or the person who made him a delegate, as a hundred per cent American. Perhaps their standard of Americanism is low, for the average American would never call the Chicago or the San Francisco delegates worthy to represent their country in anything except a convention. We are one country, to be sure, but it is a biggish country. A lot of parts go to the making of such a whole. Think of the difference between a ledgy New England field and a canyon in Arizona, between a prairie and the everglades, between Santa Catalina and Wiscasset, Maine, between noon in August and an October dusk. Contrast the "ice-brook's temper" of Lake Superior with the tepidity of Buzzard's Bay, or our placidest river of the plains with our "streams made strong by mountain-thaw." Such elements as these cannot be melted down into the gray monotony of a national convention. The Chicago crowd and the San Francisco crowd did not represent our violent American contrasts. They represented the

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politics of professionals and of a few amateurs trying to copy the professionals.

Scattered over the United States, at the present moment, there are three or four thousand children who know what they want and know how to ask for it. Some of these girls and boys have a natural turn for the use of words. Some have not. But all of them can make their wishes known by words or other noises. All these three or four thousand are destined to grow up into delegates to some national convention or other. We shall take them and educate them. We shall give them drab minds instead of many-colored minds, caution instead of recklessness, fears instead of the valors of ignorance. We shall teach them how to compromise. We shall teach a few of them to write, and the rest to vote for the adoption of majority reports by committees on resolutions. Now, in their youth, they like to make their meaning plain. Bye and bye, when they have become perfect delegates, they will prefer to place "a number of tall, opaque words, one before another, in a right line," in the hope of offending nobody. That, at any rate, is what the future will be unless it is unlike the present.

Four Major American Interests

IF, in fact, an American government were to define a foreign policy, what would be its larger strategy? Adherence to the League, with Lodge reservations, Hoover reservations, no reservations, and no adherence at all, is not policy, but just machinery. They are different ways of starting, but they offer no suggestion of the road. Phrases like "abandoning our isolation" or "taking part in world politics" are just phrases, until there is some sharper definition of what America is to take part in and what it is to abandon its isolation for. Nor do words like "peace" or the "interests of humanity" or "Americanism" supply the clue to a policy. Somewhere between the ultimate purpose of peace and the immediate protection of legitimate American interest lies an area of decision in which are to be found the controlling aims of a sound foreign policy.

The Monroe Doctrine is an example of such an intermediate aim. It is conceived fundamentally as the reservation of the western hemisphere from the general manipulation of diplomacy. In Europe today as well as yesterday, if something is to be decided about Turkey, something else has to be decided about Africa and the Balkans and the status of Poland and what not, because if Britain secures an advantage in Turkey, France and Italy have to be compensated somewhere else. To open one contentious European question is to open them all.

That is why the opening of the Balkan question by Vienna in 1914 was the opening of a general European war. The problems of Europe are balanced one against the other, and do not stand on their own feet, and are not decided on the intrinsic facts. The Monroe Doctrine is the insistence of America that the affairs of this hemisphere shall not be compensations, pawns, or factors in the affairs of Europe, Asia and Africa. It is a dogmatic claim that the questions of the Americans shall be decided in this hemisphere.

But out of that can grow two divergent policies. One of them is the doctrine that the affairs of the Americas shall be governed by the United States of North America. The other is the doctrine that they shall be governed jointly by the nations of the Americas. But what are the nations of the Americas? The Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Peru and the rest? To be sure. But there is also Canada, and there are the British West Indies. In other words there is Britain. This is a fact of outstanding importance, and of increasing importance. The Pan-American system is in intimate contact with the British Empire.

On the two oceans, American interest touches at once the other sea Powers—British and Japanese. Behind the mercantile and armed fleets of those sea Powers are the peoples who pay for those fleets, who man them, who direct them. An American foreign policy must inevitably have a definite aim in the Far East of Asia and the Far West of Europe. An Oriental policy and a European policy coherently related to a Pan-American policy is the triple basis of American relations to the world. If they are sound, we may look forward securely and go forward courageously in our own domestic problems. If they are unsound, if we go wrong in the long run in respect to the Far East, Britain, and Pan-America, we and our children will live troubled lives, and the promise of America will be jeopardized. Make the wrong decisions, or pursue the right ones without conviction or incompetently, and in the end we shall find ourselves embroiled in catastrophes greater than any which have yet visited America.

How are we to find the right decisions? What are the standards and measure of rightness in so vast a business? They are to be found, we believe, in simplicity and direct apprehension, though the effects of decisions work themselves out in great detail. A simple fact about the Far East, for example, is that the Chinese people are nearly a quarter of the human race. They cannot be satisfied or permanently tranquilized by a people who are

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perhaps one thirty-fifth of the human race. It may be more convenient for the moment to acquiesce in a Shantung, but in the long run it is stupid. For the lasting friendship of a great people like the Chinese is something the American people will forfeit at their peril. The Chinese people will remain, but Japanese imperialism will pass. America is directly concerned that that imperialism shall be frustrated now, rather than thrown off a generation hence in some stupendous convulsion.

That is also the interest of the British peoples from Scotland to India, from Australia to Newfoundland. They too are involved here, though at the moment they are more deeply involved elsewhere. Their real interest, like our own, is not in the antagonisms of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but in the tranquility and friendships of those peoples who hold the keys to the peace of the world. Britain can never be greater than she is today. Every new adventure simply makes her greatness more precarious. Every new "diplomatic success" fundamentally undermines her position. The British Commonwealth today governs over four hundred million people, and controls the destiny of many hundreds more. There is not force enough or will enough or brain enough in England to ride such an empire when the spirit and strength of the world revives. There is, as all farseeing Britons understand, no security for them unless they begin quickly the liquidation by decentralization of these overgrown responsibilities. In that process of liquidation will lie one of the major historical events of this and of the next generation.

For America a choice now has to be made. As we see it that choice is either cooperation with the liberal and decentralizing parties of England based on an unbreakable friendship for the British people, or constantly mounting irritation at the English governing class diffusing itself into hostility with the British people. If we allow our feelings about the British Tory in Ireland and India, or the British secret service, or British oil magnates and British shipping men, to set the tone of feeling towards the British people, then we shall drift steadily towards the worst peril that ever confronted the world. There is no future for the world that any man dares to contemplate which does not rest on an Anglo-American friendship too real and too steady for any interruption. The problems of the British Empire are enormous, far more difficult and serious than our own, but for our part we assert it as a fundamental American doctrine that they are superficial compared to the community of interest beneath.

Nothing has more hideously endangered that community than the British attack with American assistance on that people which by its size and power and geographical position controls the peace of Central Europe, the Near East and Middle Asia. The question of Bolshevism in Russia is an irrelevance compared to the question of Russia in the world. For the influence of the Russian people extends from China to Germany. Russia is the backbone of the Eurasian continent, and it is nothing but miserable trifling to write treaties, and make "settlements" in ignorance of that fact.

Secure for America a partnership with Latin-America and the friendship of the British, the Chinese, and the Russian people: then the framework of policy stands. With those four major objectives secure, other problems, however serious they may seem, fall into perspective and become manageable. Armenia, for example. Does any one question that the Armenians can be established if Russia and Britain and America desire it? Does any one think the Armenians can be established without that desire? Poland, for example. Does any one suppose there is any future for Poland as the enemy of Russia? Or France. Will any one argue that the French peasant democracy has any future in a career of prestige and aggrandizement by means of and at the expense of small, unstable nationalities?

Our policy today is confusion and drift because we have lost sight of these elemental realities. We abandoned the Chinese at Paris, made war on the Russians, threaten war on Mexico, lord it over Latin-America, and are generally cantankerous about Britain. If our position is perilous, as no doubt it is, even though we are under the illusion of unconquerable power, it is because we are out of contact with those elemental realities in the world where the real interests of America are to be found.

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Labor Movement Psychology

HE who would know the labor movement, its discontent and idealism, its hatred and love, its bitterness and enthusiasm must strive to understand its psychology. Without such understanding it is not possible to appreciate the true character or real significance of its power over the lives of those who are part of it. The psychology of the labor movement, like that of any other group activity, is complex and overlapping in motives, interests and ideals. In addition to the psychical factors characteristic of all group behavior, such as imitation, emulation, the craving for conspicuousness, leadership and personal expression, organized labor exhibits a few very specific features without which it would not be the vital force in the world that it is.

The modern wage worker is without property. He is a wanderer, a nomad. He has no hold upon the world excepting such hold as his job may imply —and that is a very precarious and doubtful one. He belongs to no place in particular—excepting where he happens to be paying rent or board. He has no deep roots in the ground. He shifts from job to job, from factory to factory, from city to city, from state to state and frequently from country to country. He either loses his job or tires of it. It becomes monotonous, irksome, unbearable. Other horizons—horizons seen through a newspaper advertisement, a tale told and heard, or just a guess, a whim, a hope, an expectation—anything is sufficient reason for a man chasing his own soul to safety. So he wanders. To wander is the opposite in its implication to being rooted to a place, a home.

Just as to the stabilized farmer all things have a sense of permanence, so for the worker all things are transitory. The wanderer's self is not involved. His personality is not concerned. All things he does are things of the moment. They involve nothing that is vital or basic. He is primarily shifting—shifting after better things, after the security of a home, after more congenial surroundings. He does not build. He cannot do so. In many cases he has lost the sense of home making. Where he still possesses the desire and the hope he dare not and cannot. He dare not because the shifting job may upset all his plans and bring to naught all his labors—he cannot because he lacks the instruments, the time, the place and the means. The creative personal achievement is foreign to his experience. Neither the interest of work, the boastfulness of a job well done, the satisfaction of having carried a self-made plan into execution, nor the joy of success, neither play nor art, neither love nor pride enter into his work. He is a cog, a tool, an instrument. The industrial revolution has torn the worker from his moorings and set his body adrift. But a drifting body tends to carry with it a restless mind. The search after a physical hold that will be permanent is made the harder by the growth of a mind that knows nothing of the conserving constructive experience which is the heritage of people who own their own land.

The basic difference between the present day worker and the peasant and serf of the past is the difference between stability and instability, between security and insecurity, between regularity and irregularity. The common round of tasks which filled the lives of the peasant from day to day and year to year has no existence for the mass of wage earners. Life for the wage earners is more hazardous, existence more precarious, their work and habits more unsettled and change more constant; all of these have their influence upon the mind of the workers. Even the steadiest temper, the most phlegmatic and least adventurous individual is always on the verge of being set adrift. Being set adrift tends to have the same general consequence temperamentally for most people—the gradual acquisition of the "casual labor" psychology. So many workers are drifting constantly, so many others have their regular habits and customary existence undermined by unemployment and lay-offs that even those who remain stationary are infected with the restlessness characteristic of the less stable.

Not all workers are actually drifting. Some remain in the same firm for a lifetime—but they are very few in comparison to those who do not. Even those who prove themselves sufficiently well rooted to stay and fulfill their allotted calling in the same small round of daily coming and going—even these are never certain of the day when this security will terminate. If there were no other element of danger excepting the competitive and shifting market; the adventure of ordinary business is sufficient in itself to give the sense of insecurity to the most happily placed workers. This irregularity of employment means for the worker irregularity of income and that has its influence upon health, upon nourishment, upon overcrowding, upon bad humor. It contributes to aggravating the disgust with the workings of the world as they affect the daily lives and well being of the workers.

A qualification similar to that made about the insecurity of the worker applies to his non-possession

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of property. It is not tru that all workers are absolutely without property. Some workers own their own homes, others have small accounts in the savings bank and a few have stocks and bonds. It must, however, be remembered that the ownership of stocks and bonds or the possession of money in the bank does not provide the means of activity and joyful enterprise involved in the ownership of tangible property such as the farmer experiences. These newer, tangible possessions which the worker does upon occasion share, do not provide the means for constant concern to his vital and personal experience —they do not make of themselves for the development of stability nor for keeping the worker anchored to a home nor do they become the basis of a permanent mooring for the drifter—they do not, generally speaking, give him a material control over his destiny.

Instability means lack of regularity for the individual and for society as a whole, it means constant friction, constant danger, constant upsetting of old standards and the increasing difficulty of creating new ones. The older agricultural economy which the industrial revolution upset, was one that lent itself to the growth of custom, habit and tradition. Order, regularity, system and repetition of the tasks of yester-year were the prevailing forces in the world before the machine tore mankind from its traditional mode of life and labor. For thousands of years men lived lives defined by custom and made familiar by habit. The weight of centuries of traditional method was involved in each task done and in each plan made. A hundred centuries of routine dominated social organization. Men felt safe and comfortable in the knowledge and sureness of previous procedure. Men accepted the world they lived in with but little questioning. Doubt—the doubt of the wisdom and propriety of the manner in which things were done was not so keen, so widespread and so distinct an aspect of the world in which men found themselves. Mental discomfort was at its minimum. All this has been changed. The premium, instead of being on the traditional, has been transferred to the novel. New things, new ways, new methods, new explanations, new procedure are the demands and the expectations that fill our daily lives. Ours is above all a dynamic age—and it is dynamic not only in terms of new mechanical processes but in terms of new relationships, which these new processes enforce upon society. All of these forces compel a revaluation of accepted values and contribute both to the agitation of the mind and the discomfort of the body.

To this fact of change and irresponsibility there is to be added another important element in the worker's life, his keener, more vivid and more constant sense of insufficiency. The industrial revolution among its many other contributions to our working order has added a peculiar paradox, a paradox which involved the approximate equalization of the imagination of men at the very time when it increased inequality of possession. Men are both more equal and more unequal than ever before in the history of the world. They are more equal as men and less equal as possessors of material wealth. The imagination, the background of basic information, the sense of values, of needs and of qualitative understanding is more nearly on a level than ever before. At the same time, however, ownership is less equally divided. Men desire more because they know more; but they satisfy these desires less, comparatively, than when their needs were more limited.

The inequality of wealth is extraordinary. A single illustration will do. Nine-tenths of the wealth in Great Britain is possessed by less than one-tenth of the population. This is a striking fact, one that the annals of English history cannot duplicate. What is true of England is true in a less degree of the United States. Never in the world has the poverty of the migratory worker on the one hand and the riches of the multi-millionaire on the other existed side by side. Poverty is comparative. Absolute poverty is rare. A beggar is infinitely richer than he who owns no thing. The beggar generally possesses a torn suit of clothing and a leaky pair of shoes. That is not much, it is true, but it is something. He may be said to be on his way from absolute poverty to absolute riches. But he has a long way to travel. The peasant in the France of Louis XIV was richer relatively than is the modern migratory worker; richer at least in the possession of security.

The full significance of this inequality comes from its opposite—the greater imaginative equality that has accompanied this cumulative differentiation in worldly goods. The millionaire and the beggar both read the New York Times. The beggar feels and is more like the millionaire than the peasant ever was like the noble. They see the same "movies," read the same magazines, are thrilled by the same daily occurrences and show the same intelligence, on an average, in their judgment of world important facts in which they are often equally interested. There is no qualitative differentiation. The difference is one of gold and that is not spiritual. It is a difference of degree and not of kind. The workers are conscious of their equality. It only makes the difference one that rankles because it is obvious, because it limits the powers of satisfying a stimulated imagination and the demands this imagination makes of the world.

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The equality that I am speaking of is different from that of equality before the law, or from that implied in the equal rights to hold property, to travel or even the equal right in the pursuit of happiness. It is a greater social and spiritual equality. It manifests itself in the similarity of clothing, dress, home and amusement, in education, reading matter, customs, political ties and social habits. It is an approximation of equality in all things excepting money—and it makes that one variant very conspicuous. The separation between man and man has become more objectionable just because it has been so simplified. It makes the worker's life obviously incomplete—his insufficiencies more conscious and his blame more immediate. This has made the desire for an adjustment more vivid. I am not implying that the individual variation has been eliminated. If anything, that has probably been increased. The differences between the classes has been diminished in most respects excepting that of possession and that rankles in the mind of the worker because it is the obvious limitation upon his further growth and development. It makes for discontent, for bitterness and for the desire to change the world. The wandering temper and habit, the dynamic character of our civilization and the greater imaginative equality determine the general background for the development of the peculiar manifestation of the worker's psychology.

The first of these peculiar elements is his aversion, his constant and almost irrepressible disgust for the mechanical, oppressive and dehumanizing nature of the daily function. This fact cannot be over-emphasized. No reiteration is too vehement to express the hopeless feeling of loathing for the machine and the monotony that it forces upon the workers—the constant drilling of an unchanging motion, a never ending repetition that destroys all interest and kills all creative effort. This feeling of hatred is doubly strong because it is constant and for the worker infinite and without escape. It is a hatred born of instinct and not of understanding or analysis. The analysis and understanding may come later and supply the reasons for revolutionary temper and enthusiasm. But with the average worker—conservative and radical—it is an instinctive resistance against suppression of the freedom for play, for interest, for creativeness. For all men are in their own spontaneous way artists and creators and the curse of the machine is that it standardizes thought and kills it, that it standardizes emotion and destroys it, that it standardizes the artistic sense and annihilates it.

One day while doing some organizing work along the water-front I came across a typical labor group—a group of longshoremen carting heavy boxes on their little two wheel hand carts. They were a typical labor group of America—typical because they were of all nations and of all races. In that small force of about fifty men there were Italians, Irishmen, Poles, Jews, Russians and men of other nations. In their midst stood a foreman, a big, burly fellow—he stood there with his hands in his pockets, tall, blond with a heavy voice that was harsh and snappy and all he did was to repeat without end one single phrase, "Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up," a phrase that fell with the regularity of a clock upon the ears of the working group and at the sound of which the men bent their heads a little lower and quickened their step as if stung by a whip. Every half minute or so he repeated the same command. It was never varied, it was never changed. The words were the same, the tone and inflexion were the same. The men like whipped dogs just bent their heads a little lower at each command and made a quicker motion with their feet. Occasionally there was evident a gleam of hatred, of bitterness and of despair on the part of some of the men. But as a whole they submitted. They submitted because their submission was inevitable. It was inevitable because the single worker is helpless and these men were not organized. The water-front is characteristic of other labor centers, only that the machine is duller and its sound harsher than the human voice. I am not imputing personal bias to the foreman. He simply represents the process of reducing the worker's activity to mechanical standards. This drive, this impetus, this drilling helps to explain a great many things in the lives of the workers. It helps to explain the hobo who will not submit, the derelict who cannot endure and breaks down, not having been made to pass through this crucible of speed, monotony, and impersonal activity. It helps to explain the lower criminal classes, "the submerged tenth," that seek a life of ease and parasitism rather than submit to the machine. It helps, too, to explain the love, the passion, the bitterness and the idealism that is found in so large a measure in the labor movement. It helps to explain it, because in the labor movement the worker finds relief from monotony, opportunity for expression, place for play and individuality.

The struggle of the workers against an organized and powerful opposition culminates in "Class Consciousness." I am not here speaking of the *theory* of the class struggle—I am speaking of the *fact* as the workers know it. Hundreds and thousands of workers are class conscious without ever having heard of Marx and without coming in contact with the doctrine as such. They are class conscious because the facts of their life, their strug-

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gle for existence, their desire to escape from the oppression and monotony which they see constantly opposed, make them such. They hate the present world because they have so little share in its control and because they are outside the sphere that participates in the manipulation of the forces dominating their lives and activities. Men who have been on strike, who have been clubbed by the police, who have been driven by the militia and who have been persecuted know something about the facts of the class struggle even if they know little about its theories.

An element of importance that is subsidiary to instinctive opposition to the machine and the feeling of class hatred is the intellectual and critical nature of the labor movement. There is a general conviction among thoughtful workers that the present world works badly; that unemployment, poverty, ignorance, social injustice are things which intelligent control and ordinary good human intentions can prevent *if only there were the will and the desire that they be prevented.* This conviction leads to the conclusion that the present system is not only bad, but is kept so by the perfidy and selfishness of the powers who are benefiting by it. It adds to the discontent of the workers a belief in the villainous character of the capitalists as a class—a conviction that adds contempt to hatred.

I cannot leave the general discussion of the psychology of the labor movement without describing the function of organized labor as it affects the centering of the worker's interests upon the problems concerning him most vitally. The psychological maladjustment of the worker makes him an easy prey to all kinds of emotional appeals. Uneducated as he often is, lacking both the time and the training required to make an analysis of the evils and the forces with which he is confronted, the worker is apt to accept any easy and ready rationalization of the world and its implications. This is true in particular if it provides an escape and emotional outlet from his pent up and suppressed activity. The excitement and rationalization of a Billy Sunday meeting, a Holy-Roller exultant dissipation, leaves the worker both exhausted and momentarily relieved from the gnawing of the forces about him. In a minor degree this service is performed by dime novels, drink, base-ball scores, moving pictures and political excitement. Any rationalization, any explanation, any drawing out of interest, of emotion, of the sense of play and creative activity mitigates the feeling of oppression produced upon the workers by their monotonous existence. Political movements achieve the same end. They mostly serve in taking the worker's attention from his immediate problems and centering them either as a rationalization or as a means of emotional dissipation in things that are not of pertinence in his daily life. It is here that the labor movement per se becomes most significant.

The labor movement provides an emotional outlet. It provides room for creative activity. It gives play to all of the instincts and passions that are characteristic of human nature. But it does all these things in terms of the values, functions and problems with which the worker is always called upon to deal. It keeps the workers' minds always centered upon the core of their difficulties. It prevents distraction, loss of emotion and energy. It makes significant to the worker the things with which he deals as a member of the community and through which he acquires social significance—his work. It thus provides the means of escape from suppression and this emotional outlet becomes in itself contributory to the final solution of the problem which is the chief cause of the workers' evils—industrial autocracy.

FRANK TANNENBAUM.

The Spirit of My Night School

A SERIES of shocks best describes the first evening I spent in the night high school where I came with much enthusiasm to teach and remained with more humility to learn. There I laid aside many ideas, stereotyped and honored by ages, and endeavored to adapt myself to an environment as new to pedagogy as to our American nation. In the stories I had read about night schools, the students tumbled headlong into the buildings and panted before the fountain of learning, the faculty. What really confronted me was a bizarre parade of weary people or of alert stenographers and clerks. The former stood hesitant in the great doorways or hung around the buildings. The old teachers, wise in the game, approached the more timid and led them literally by the hand to their desks for registration. The sight of the petite Spanish instructor guiding a huge American, red with embarrassment, to the altar of learning filled me with awe and amazement. The athletic directors and coaches rushed forth noisily to greet old students, beat them on the back, and with many slaps and thumps welcomed them like lost brothers back into the fold. The expert in English for foreigners, whose fame had spread abroad, stood in the center of the melting pot of many picturesque and bewildered aliens and shook hands violently with all. He threw out a remark in one tongue to a toothless old woman, in another tongue to a Montenegrin giant, and gesticulated

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in the sign language common to all, until by slow degrees he reached his desk with the entire mob in pursuit. One glimpse at the response he evoked left no doubt concerning his skill.

My first five minutes convinced me that this school was one of the Heaven-directed institutions where the stiff and precise school ma'am was consigned to the scrap heap, and that what I had learned in a large city high school would aid me little in my present problems. With one crash, my cherished theories of modern psychology applied to English composition fell in a chaotic mass, and I became a humble and wondering student of this new environment. Perhaps I looked as helpless as I felt, for straight to me came an old, wrinkled Russian peasant woman in full holiday regalia and pressed a carnation into my hand, saying, "For you, my dear," and then she mumbled something in her native tongue. For months afterward the spicy fragrance of that flower lingered gratefully in my memory when other odors, more tenacious, were pungently present.

Gradually my roll of pupils began to fill, and I took my place in the little drama. Much to my surprise, the general demand was for "straight grammar and spelling." No one wanted literature, and I soon perceived that my prized reading lists and my carefully prepared outlines were doomed to mould and dust. As the men and women appeared before my desk, they usually whispered their reasons for coming. "I don't speak English correctly," said one weary middle-aged woman, "and I am a bookkeeper and I want promotion." A radiant, smartly dressed young girl with a complexion that had every appearance of camouflage and that proved to be a gift of the gods, stood before me with assurance and said, "I'm stenographer. Busy woman. Going to be private secretary soon. Got to have more speed. If you read a story, I'll leave the class. No time for stories. Got to get ahead. The last teacher here read stories, classics. I left. Busy woman." Right there all my preconceived notions of literary service were dealt their death blow. I remembered the impressive words of our superintendent, "The evening school pupils must have what they want or they will leave, and the income from the state will diminish proportionately. The attendance must be kept up." Before I could ponder on lost illusions, a fat, beaming, motherly soul approached me and said, "Nobody knows I am coming to night school, but would you let me in your classes? Do you think I am too old to learn? I have two boys in high and sometimes I am kinder ashamed before them, not but what they are good boys, nice to their mother. I never did go to school much and I'm just crazy to learn. I want to keep up with my youngsters." In the weeks that followed that cry she grew pitifully and yet courageously familiar.

Soon there came three dapper young men whose clothes were the last word in movie fashions. They were solicitors in a well known dye house. "We want to learn to express ourselves without putting our foot into it. We are going to take the civil service examinations," they explained. I pledged them my best efforts. Then a pink faced giant rolled up before me and shouted with a voice that would have gone before the gale. "I am a sailor, a cook, on an ocean liner now in the harbor for repairs. I'm coming to your spelling class the nights I don't go to dances. Dances first, you bet. Every time. Got to have some fun." As he swung off, I pondered how I could make spelling compete with dances and thus keep up my attendance. A well dressed mother and daughter living in a fashionable apartment house desired to learn how to "speak nicely." They came across the city in order that none of their friends should meet them or know of their registration at night school.

At the first evening's recitation I appeared with a note-book in which was a well planned lesson and with much enthusiasm in my disposition exactly after the manner of an efficient little teacher in a modern story. A Hindu prayer book would have proved as useful. When the class began to trail in during the first period, I found it increasingly difficult to begin any systematic class work. The interruptions became more frequent and my explanations more piece-meal. One woman arrived breathless saying, "I'll have to be this late every night, teacher. I've three men in my family, and they all come home at different times so I have three dinners to get every night. Preserving time, too." For the sixth time I began the lesson when a clatter down the hall announced the arrival of a large Negro woman in flamboyant raiment, accompanied by three lively picaninnies. "I came to night school last year and I know all about transitive nouns. I have to bring the children because my husband is a night watchman. I can't leave them at home for fear the house might burn up or down," she explained. I made her welcome, provided the offsprings with picture books, and secretly wondered what I could offer to an expert in transitive nouns.

More mothers and babies arrived until thirty minutes of futilely attempting to teach showed me that toys were more necessary than the card index of an English professor. I realized that the children must be made happy or the mothers would not come, and that infants must preserve a fair

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degree of quiet to permit work. Immediately I was confronted with my most serious problem, the adaptation of work to pupils whose ages ranged from sixteen to sixty-four, whose preparation was as varied as the lands of their births, and whose occupations included millinery, stenography, and stoking. I thought with envy of an evening high school in the center of the city whose registration had reached the 5,000 mark, whose English classes were carefully graded, and whose equipment included nursery, kindergarten rooms, and playground directors. Remembering I was the only English teacher for English speaking students in this small new school, I girded myself with the comforting thought that there must be two or three principles of grammar and composition of which all were ignorant. The diffidence of my pupils presented another difficulty. They hesitated to answer questions for fear of making mistakes. Two older women who remained with me months and who were most faithful in their attendance and work, never allowed me to see a word they had written because, as one said, "You know I make so many funny mistakes. I left school when I was twelve, but I am just crazy to learn. Do you think I am too old?"

So my first evening proceeded, and I closed with a spelling lesson which seemed welcome to all. Afterwards I learned that spelling is always a common meeting ground because it is a recognized necessity and because it requires no creative effort. When the students left, they bade me good-night as if they had been guests in my home. Alone at my desk I decided that if I was to hold my pupils, I should have to be a royal combination of a nursery governess, a father confessor, a legal advisor, a vaudeville entertainer, a psycho-analyst, a humorist, and, first and last, an encouraging friend.

In spite of the warnings of the pretty stenographer, I tried the experiment of reading Bret Harte's thrilling Outcasts of Poker Flat one hot evening when the class, composed mostly of weary women, looked so worn that it seemed cruel to ask any mental effort. Glibly I began to read, and not a flicker of interest appeared. Perhaps I had not made myself heard against the snores of a child sleeping on one of the desks. At the description of the snow storm, I descended to banal questions. A youth of nineteen replied that he had never hiked in the mountains nearby, that he intended to sometime, but that he was always so tired on Sundays. After two paragraphs more, it occurred to me that few even knew what I was reading. The next sentence was interrupted by the blood-curdling shrieks of a baby who in its sleep had rolled off a desk and bumped its head on the hard seat. Several moments were spent in quieting and soothing it; the various mothers compared merits of home remedies for bruises. Meanwhile my story grew cold as ice, but I continued. Surely, "Five Spot," the gambler's horse, would break the spell. I reverted to archaic methods and asked why he was called "Five Spot." No answer. Only a wheeze from a sleeping child. A colored girl had a gleam in her eye; over her shiny countenance spread the illumination of a new idea. Then she burst forth, "They called him that because he had five spots on him." Every face was solemn; the explanation was logical and satisfactory. I plodded on to the end of that wonderful story. I might as well have been reading a want ad or an obituary notice so far as any response was visible. "Do you like it?" I asked with a final hope. Those awake and those asleep nodded.

"You bet," said an Italian woman of the grand opera type, banging a powerful fist on her desk; up to this time she had had the appearance of being present only in the flesh. "I always said there is some good in the worst of us." One motherly and rotund woman, jammed and crammed into a front seat, spoke up, "I done six washings this week, and I just ached so I didn't know as I could come tonight but I am kinder rested now. You know I always feel rested and cheered up after night school."

After this lesson I learned others. For instance, I discovered that because of the irregular attendance, one plan for one evening's work might prove useless before the class that presented itself. The class might be composed of college preparatory students who demanded serious advanced work; or it might be made up of keen and eager stenographers, or of tired and worn laundry workers and house-wives. Each recitation brought illuminating surprises, for I frequently stumbled on undirected talent or on ambitions thwarted by lack of preparation or by years of discouragement. Again a successful artisan or craftsman would prove appalled before the task of expression in words. It was indeed difficult to adapt the rudimentary problems to the adult minds without boring or disheartening the pupils.

Night after night I discovered strange ambitions in strange houses. A carpenter over sixty had secretly written poetry for years. He wished help in versification. A scenario writer of thirty-five was preparing for college. A dear grandmother had all her life "wanted to know if them things were periods, but hated to ask, and thank you, my dear." A war-bride of seventeen was going to have an education anyway so her husband would not be ashamed of her when he came back. A young wo-

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man whose husband was "just too tired to slick up and come now that he was working over-time in the ship-yards" took notes laboriously so she could be the teacher at home. A fat convivial reporter, criticized for grammatical errors, wished to "learn the whole thing from the ground up; verbs, nouns, pronouns, and pro-verbs, and to get it quick." Several young couples, healthy and prosperous, came for—well, for the fun and the walk together. Four bank clerks, seeking promotion, were not sure their letters were o. k. and knew their spelling was n. g. A movie producer, the owner of three high-powered cars, wanted some names and pointers on "classy classic" novels.

So night after night the little drama unfolded, and the problem of satisfying the various longings and the vague unrests presented itself poignantly. At first the disparity in age and environment seemed to make my task hopeless, but I felt no one could help making some acceptable offering in the face of such opportunity. No man or woman who had labored long and hard during the day makes the added effort to attend night school without wanting something with a serious purpose. Yet even the most expert teacher can not make a recitation wholly an entertainment, for the student must make some exertion; that exertion on the part of an adult, weary in body and frequently unaccustomed to mental effort, is nothing less than splendidly heroic. Only a slacker of a teacher could be found wanting. Evening after evening strains of strange blood fought for expression; dwarfed imaginations flickered with light; dumb longings and early ambitions, dulled by time and repression, sought realization. Many found increased self-respect and pleasure in their work; some were appalled before creative effort; some were impatient that they could not acquire skill and power without practice. Each evening my admiration for my pupils grew. Their sincerity and kindness made my share in the task light. Never have I met men whose creed was more honest or whose courage was finer than that of some of my students. I am proud that some became my friends, and I shall always regard with affection some of the older women who attacked their lessons so valiantly. Our meetings became social and informal discussions until there was no relation to the old time school recitation. In no other country could such a democratic and conglomerate assembly be possible. No instructor with any red blood could watch the struggle of youth and adult for every opportunity for advancement without thrilling with renewed confidence in human nature and in the future of our great American republic.

A Teacher.

"Of Making Many Books—"

IT was a rainy afternoon with a rising temperature. At five o'clock the pile of letters still on my desk became insupportable. I looked at them as the schoolboy on a day of spring may look at the school house a block away. And like the boy I fled.

But the manner of my flight and my destination betrayed my middle-aged decadence. Unobtrusively, with the dignified deliberation of conscious guilt, I departed from the administration building and sought the library. I marched brazenly past the loan desk into the stacks. Any one who saw me would construe my errand as scholarly—whereas my purpose was merely to pick out a certain tale by R. L. S. and lose myself for half an hour in the pages I knew by heart. Then I could go home to dinner—and omit the mention of this trifling excursion to my wife.

But the volume was missing from its place, and I straightened up balked, feeling as the truant schoolboy might if, having incurred the penalty of "absent," he should be unable to lay his hand on his fishing rod. Without the mental energy to make another selection, even from the enchanting array of R. L. S., I stared down the narrow glass-floored aisle between the stacks, hideously illuminated by unshaded hanging incandescents.

So many books! Shelves and shelves, stack upon stack. Half a million volumes, according to the university catalogue, in these narrow rooms—narrow as coffins. Fiction, history, philosophy, science, bound volumes of magazines, and "reports"—"reports" without number. And the labor in each one. The months, years, decades of human life. What insanity for creatures with a healthy biological origin thus to entomb their few bright days upon earth.

My feet, without receiving any orders from headquarters, had presumed to carry me into an adjoining aisle—History,—and my eyes rested on a set of three antique volumes handsomely bound in full calf. Their tops were black with undisturbed dust. Surely the animal that furnished that now priceless binding died in vain, and the linen rags consumed to make its pages had better been given to the poor for coverings.

With the bookworm's automatism I reached for the first volume, though I felt no slightest interest. I blew the dust from the top—that horrible habit of the haunter of stacks— and opened to the yellow title-page.

A History of the Roman Republic. I will not give the author's name. His memory is at peace—let me not disturb it; "curst be he that moves

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my bones." Printed in Dublin, in the year MDCCLXXXIII—whatever that is—I had not the curiosity to translate. Dedication: *To the King.* Which king? Not having figured out the date, I could not determine. But the author was a chap of some pretensions, evidently, in his day! "Advertisement": *"The reader will be pleased to observe,"* etc. Analytical table of contents in fine old italics—long s's and the c's joined to following t's. At the bottom of each page the first word of the page to come—canny ancient device to lure the flagging reader on; it ought to be revived by the fiction magazines and modern novelists. But how yellow the pages!

How long did it take the man to compose those three thick volumes? Six years or ten—of sunny mornings, long afternoons, pale midnight hours—when he might have been seeing friends, tramping, riding, eating and drinking, making love—to some charming dame or demoiselle in a velvet robe, with plumed hat and painted fan or tall stick adorned with ribbons. I mourned the neglected lady's ennui.

My finger, busy like my feet without instructions, turned the pages, and I glanced at a paragraph. Not a lively style. Pompous, turgid, consciously ornate, lifeless—a powdered wig style—all the faults of Gibbon without his power. No doubt the lady, quite rightly, refused to look at him—hence these tomes!

And then, suddenly, I perceived that that style expressed a man—a real man, very much alive in his way—and enjoying himself! Undoubtedly enjoying himself! The pride of knowledge, the pride of style (which had betrayed him), the supreme zest of self-expression. How better could he have spent the sunniest morning? The bluest skies, the merriest friends, the most complaisant, fairest fair one had less delight to offer than the labor of this futile composition! After all, as a hedonist no less than as a moralist, the man had chosen well.

I looked again down the strait, glass-floored aisles. Surely of all those volumes few were more tedious, more moribund from birth, than this one. And each had meant the burning of this fire, so warming, cheering, satisfying to the author if never to a mortal soul besides. Even the "reports." How many reports have I not written—not without glow.

"Of making books there is no end, and much study—"

But think of the satisfaction the preacher must have had in "making" that exquisite epigram of learned cynicism!

MAX MCCONN.

Paul Bunyon

THE lumber industry in the United States has produced something more than that ferment of discontent known as the I. W. W. Coming out of the same harsh conditions, rising from the same soil of isolation, there has developed a cycle of stories which may be as near as we shall come to a native American folk-lore, centering about a huge, preternaturally clever lumberjack called Paul Bunyon, for whom there is no known original or prototype. Characteristically they have remained somewhat aloof, known in part in the towns which have sprung up in the lumber regions, occasionally used in diminished form for local color in lumber novels, but on the whole escaping general recognition, particularly the recognition of print, and now fast dying out.

A nomadic class of workers created and inflated them and passed them on from group to group and from generation to generation. Beginning in the forests of New England in the fifties the lumberjacks followed the lead of timber, down into Pennsylvania, along the northern belt which stretched across Michigan, and on into the Canadian Northwest. They were homeless, they lived for the most part without families, struck some nearby town at the end of the season for a bust, sometimes floated back into the cities and were amalgamated into the life there, but in large numbers kept to the lumber industry, a scattering, restless class, originally American and of the pioneer type, gradually including French Kanucks and Scandinavians, and finally giving way to the flood of Southern European labor which poured into the country in the years before the war, which came with its own interests and seems unlikely to carry on the traditions of the older type.

Professor P. S. Lovejoy of the Department of Forestry in the University of Michigan has an inexhaustible fund of the Paul Bunyon stories, collected in a large experience with lumberjacks and in the lumber industry. He knows not only the tales but the life out of which they grew, has heard them at their best, which appears to have been in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century when there were camps on every river in the lumber regions of the lake states. He has caught their vernacular, and has collected their scattered and sometimes debased remnants in remote and unex-

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pected places. The stories are numberless; they arrange themselves in groups or cycles and are connected with many localities. One accounts for the formation of Puget Peninsula in Washington in terms of Paul's exploits. Another makes Paul float a raft of logs around the Horn. Many of them use the Great Lakes. The sense of geography must have been strong in these wandering lumbermen; and it appears firmly embedded in the matrix of their stories, just as do the facts of their working lives, the mechanism of lumbering, of hauling and sawing logs, typical episodes in the routine of camp life, and even their sporadic efforts in agriculture.

Improvisation certainly played a large part in augmenting the stories if not in their actual creation. It still crops out with small touches in odd moments, as when an old-timer bringing a tiny bottle of ink remarks casually, "Paul he buys his'n by the barr'l." And it has often produced full stories which were obviously impromptu as local immediate circumstances provided a stimulus. Professor Lovejoy once heard some lumberjacks speculating about a group of ruined ice-houses across East Tawas Bay in Michigan, and finally one of them gave a detailed account of how they "came to be all bunged up like that." It was Paul Bunyon who did it, of course, performing the unimaginable feat of hauling up his log-rafts after they had frozen in the bay, dragging the ice with them, chucking it into the ice-houses and cutting it up afterward. Another time a small gang, reluctantly planting trees along railroad tracks to fill in time after a prolonged bust, came upon a huge piece of rusted, twisted iron, probably the ruin of some sawmill machinery melted in a fire, and they turned to old Cap' Wright—Captain by what authority nobody knows but a rich accumulator and inventor of Paul Bunyon stories—and asked what it might be; and Cap' Wright cogitated and pondered and the men threw down their shovels, and finally Cap' Wright exclaimed: "Why, you dam' fools, she's a hairspring! But ef she's off Paul's wheelbarrow or his grindstone I dunno."

Professor Lovejoy compares the stories as they are told and counter-told to burling-matches, a sport of lumberjacks in which they try with deft turns of their pikes to upset each other's balance when poling rafts of logs along the rivers, a bold continuous game which may last for hours; and the image seems to fit the scale of the stories as well as their ingenious detail, slyly inserted to catch the unwary listener. Letting log-rafts freeze in the bay exactly reverses the usual logging practice, and the inclusion of such a circumstance in the story gives it a special flavor for the seasoned lumberjack, particularly if some one in the audience fails to notice the point. In a long narrative there may be any number of small pitfalls. Once on an expedition for stealing white pine Paul floated his raft on and on down the river, getting completely lost, the gang subsisting on frogs' legs meanwhile; and after several weeks they all found themselves back at the point where they'd started from, the river making a complete circle. The forests of North Dakota form a background for a whole series of stories, and references to these non-existent woods are particularly relished. The tales are full of minor quips, like the use of screw-driver oil or cross-haul grease or a little bit of "this here pink azure." Sometimes a roundabout route of simple circumstantiality is used with the slippery pith of the story inserted as if by chance. More commonly, perhaps, the tales proceed upon a scale which is obviously impossible, preposterous, with one detail out-topping another.

It was in the bunk-shanties at night that the stories got into full swing, with the lumberjacks sitting around the deacon seat, a cast-iron stove red hot in the center, wet clothes drying overhead, the reek of Peerless in the air, and the bull-cook chopping wood for the morning's fire outside. The best audience included a few greenhorns, easy to string, who might be betrayed into asking guileless questions and who would be likely to accept or miss at least a few of the richer inventions. The stories are likely to contain occasional loose ends, which appear from the fact that situations are described which their authors piously hope will be challenged, thus allowing a notable chance for expansion and further invention. If these openings are disregarded the story stands as it is, and passes thus into currency unless some later story-teller elaborates it further. None of the old-timers ever laughs, either in telling or listening, and they often wrangle solemnly over details. "That weren't the way I heern it," one would say, and then would follow another version, whether traditional or improvised on the spot it is sometimes difficult to tell.

The stories run on endlessly. "Once the King of Sweden drove all the good farmers out of the country and a Senator from North Dakota he wanted all the fine upstanding timber cleared off the whole state so as to make room for them, so he asked Paul Bunyon for to do the job and Paul he took the contract. Paul cut lumber out in North Dakota at the rate of a million foot a hour, and he didn't hardly know how to feed his men, he had so many in the camp. The worst trouble was with his hot-cake griddle. It weren't near big enough though it were a pretty good size. The cookees used to grease it with telephone poles with bunches of gunny sacks on the end, but it weren't near big enough. Paul knew where he could get a bigger

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griddle but he didn't hardly know how to get it to the camp. When it was got up on one aidge it made a track as wide as a wagon road and it were pretty hard to lift. So Paul he thought, and finally he hitched up his mule team. That mule team could travel so fast when they had their regular feed of seven bushels of wheat apiece that nobody couldn't hold them, and Paul had to drive them to a flat-bottomed wagon without no wheels. This time Paul hitched a couple of these here electro-magnets on the back and he drove off to where the griddle was, and he swung them magnets round till he got the griddle on its aidge, and then he drove off lippity cut to the camp, and he got the griddle a-going round so fast he didn't hardly know how to stop it, but he got her near the place where he wanted it, and then he let her go by herself, and she went round and round and round and round, gittin' nearer and nearer the center, and finally she gouged out a hole big enough for a furnace and settled down on top. Then Paul he built a corral around the griddle and put a diamond-shaped roof over it, and built some grain elevators alongside, and put in eight of the biggest concrete mixers he could find. Long in the afternoon every day they'd begin to fill the elevators and start the mixers, and then the cookees would grease the griddle. They all had slabs of bacon on their feet and they each had their routes. Paul he fixed up a fence of chicken wire round the aidge, in case some cookees didn't get off quick enough when the batter began to roll down, so's they'd have some place to climb to. When the batter was all ready somebody on the aidge used to blow a whistle, and it took four minutes for the sound to get across. Then they'd trip the chute, and out would roll a wave of hot-cake batter four feet high, and any poor cookee that was overtook was kinda out of luck.

"Paul's cook shanty was so big that he had to have lunch-counters all along the wall so's the hands could stop and get something to eat before they found their places or else they'd get faint a-looking for them. Paul he had the tables arranged in three decks, with the oldest hands on the top; and the men on the second deck wore tin hats like a fireman's with little spouts up the back, and away from the third deck Paul ran a V-flume to the pig-pen, for Paul he did hate waste. The problem was how to get the grub to the crew fast enough, because the cookees had so far to go from the cook-shanty that it all got cold before they could get it onto the table. So Paul he put in a stop-clock ten foot across the face so as he could see it any place in the eating shanty, and he got in one of these here efficiency experts, and they got it all timed down to the plumb limit how long it ought to take to get that food hot to the table. Then Paul he decided to put in some Shetland ponies on roller skates for to draw the food around, and everything seemed fine. But them ponies was trotters and they couldn't take the corners with any speed, and Paul he had to learn 'em how to pace, and a whole lot of victuals was wasted while he was a-learnin' of them, and Paul was losing time and he knowed it. So finally he done away with the ponies and put in a train of grub-cars with switches and double track and a loop at the end back to the main line, so that when the cars got started proper they came back by themselves. And Paul put in a steel tank especial for the soup, with an air-compressor cupola, six hundred pounds to the square inch, and they used to run the soup down to the men through a four-inch fire hose which the feller on top used to open up as he came through.

"Once Paul planted a grain of corn and it grew so fast that nobody could see the top. Big Swede Charlie climbed up it to have a look at the country but he couldn't climb down again because she grew faster than what he could slide. After a while Paul he decided that Charlie must be getting hungry so he got out his shot-gun. Usually he loaded her with a dish-pan full of powder and brickbats, but this time he rammed her full of dough-god biscuits, and they must have kept Charlie a-going for a while, because later when the corn begun to get ripe a lot of little corncobs begun to drop down, showing that Charlie was eating the corn. One day the commanding officer of the Great Lakes Naval Station come round all fixed up with ribbons on his uniform, and he says to Paul, 'Sir, I got orders for you to cut this here cornstalk down.' Paul says, 'That ain't got nothing to do with me. The President of the United States or the Secretary of War or Admiral Dewey can't make me cut down that there cornstalk ef I don't want to.' 'But,' says the officer, 'the roots of this here cornstalk go down so deep and spread out so wide that they reach in under Lake Michigan on the one side and in under Lake Huron on the other, and the level's goin' down so fast it interferes with navigation.' So Paul he decides to cut down the cornstalk, and he sends for his best broadax man, and he signals for them to begin a-chopping by shooting off his gun. But the cornstalk grew so fast they couldn't chop twice in the same place and they couldn't make a chip. So Paul he goes to the logging railroad and he rips up a rail out of the wreck, and it were a quarter of a mile long and foot square, and he makes a cable out of it and ties it in a knot around the cornstalk, so the faster she grew the more she cut herself, and finally after a long while she began to topple over. They had to warn the

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people which way she was going to fall, and the logging engineer he had to get off two miles before he could sight the top of her with a telescope and see which way she was leaning; and they could hear the wind a-whistling through her two and a half days before the top of her ever struck the earth. They never did find out just how tall she were even when the dust was all cleared away for she was all ravelled out by the wind, falling. One ear of corn drove plumb down into the earth and stuck so tight Paul couldn't get it out even with his blue ox hitched to it, so he hitched up his mules, but then he only got the cob, and the grains filled up a well forty foot deep."

The stories are immensely various. A few, very few, contain domestic touches, as in the tale of Paul and the saw. "Out in North Dakota Paul had an awful time getting enough fire-wood to fire the camp because it took so much for to cook for all those men. He had a whole crew a-bucking away on fire-logs and taking an awful lot of time, but the most they could do was to saw three cords of wood an hour apiece. Paul he thought he oughto fix up a saw big enough so as a couple a times a week sawing would be enough, and he did. He fixed her up, but she weren't fitted just right, so one rainy day Paul began a-fittin' her up. It come along toward dinner time and Mrs. Paul rings the dinner bell and blows the horn, but Paul he didn't come. Then she rings the bell again and she blows the horn, but there weren't no sign of Paul, and finally she sends the little gal down to fetch her paw. By an' by Paul he comes in a-carryin' the little gal and his face was all dusty and streakedit, and he was breathing heavy, and she says, 'Paul, what ails you, Paul? What you got?' And Paul he sets the little gal down and he wipes his face and he chokedit. 'Maw,' he says, 'ef it hadn't a-ben for the little gal—' and then he all chokedit again. And she says, 'Paul, you big lummux, you tell me what ails you!' 'Maw,' he says, 'I never heern the dinner-bell and I never heern the horn blow, and ef it hadn't a-ben for the little gal I dunno what would a-happened. I was a-fittin' of the saw, and she was a-goin' that sweet and easy, and when the little gal come the saw she was a-cuttin' twenty-seven cord of wood an hour, and I was a-watchin' her, and I was all up to my neck in sawdust.' "

There is a story of Paul's gang of tie-hacks, lumberjacks who specialize in cutting railroad ties, whom Paul trained to climb trees with forty pound broad axes fastened to each foot like skates, scoring the trees as they went and then sliding down, hewing two faces at once and cutting off a tie every eight feet. Many of the tales are highly technical, involving allusions whose expanded value only the practised lumberman could estimate. They spread and amplify and reach into all kinds of material within their chosen tract of life. And they always involve a definite point of view, what Professor Lovejoy calls a code, which is strictly adhered to. No lumberjack ever suggests that he has known Paul Bunyon. He may allow that he has known Paul's chore-boy or his camp-boss; but more frequently he will explain that he heard his story from the chore-boy over at some other camp who got it from somebody at Paul's, or perhaps Slim Bunker heard it and told it to him, or he gets it from some other indirect source. Paul remains in a slightly distant world. He is never described; his size becomes apparent only through implication. His actions are never bound by exact references in time, except, possibly, of a generally descriptive kind, like one to the Chicago fire, which occasioned Paul's feat of poling logs around the Horn. A single striking time-reference, to the winter of the blue snow, appears frequently, but this belongs strictly within the cycle of stories and seems to have no remembered counterpart in fact. Yet with all his possession of a slightly remote magnified world of his own, Paul is usually spoken of as if he were a living figure, more or less immediately at hand. His exploits are most often told as if they were fairly recent, and when a difficult situation arises or an insoluble problem makes itself felt in the lumbercamp, some old-timer will remark that Paul will probably be around before long and fix things up.

The stories are epic in their scope and scale; and in their many-sided aggregate they picture almost every aspect of a pioneer life which is already vanishing into the past. Quite as directly they reveal traits of a class which is both narrowly specialized and broadly American. It is possible that some hypothetical original for Paul Bunyon will be found among Scandinavian folk-tales; and the French-Canadians who delighted in the stories may have given them a primary impetus or have made some vital contribution to their development. But whatever their inception or the conditions of their growth, the quality of the stories is deeply native. Professor Lovejoy inclines to think of them as a purely American invention, a spontaneous reflex of the imagination, with foreign influences having possibly a partial moulding effect. Certainly the rapid fertility and ingenuity of the stories seem indigenous, as is the zest with which situations are pushed to their furthest and their absurdity explored with a tireless patient logic; and the whole basic method of solemn, preposterous exaggeration touches the very core of American humor.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

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The Path of Rural Progress

Helping Men Own Farms, by Elwood Mead. New York: The Macmillan Co.

AMERICA, alone of the great nations of today, still regards as somewhat academic the problems of food production. There is food enough; it is badly distributed, perhaps, and dear, but there can be no talk of absolute shortages. Not yet. But our population is increasing by about one and one half per cent a year, while our production of food is practically stationary. In large areas, indeed, there is serious danger of an absolute decline. Prevailing methods of agriculture do not keep up the fertility of the soil. Prevailing social economic conditions do not attract new laborers to the soil, nor hold in the country a sufficient proportion of the young men born there. We may pursue conservative or radical policies in our industrial life, but sooner or later we shall feel the pinch of hunger if we leave agriculture to be ruled by laissez faire.

Most European states recognized long before the war the necessity of rebuilding rural life to meet modern conditions. So also did Australia and New Zealand. The story of the achievements of those countries in establishing the landless man on the soil has been told often. It needs to be repeated, clearly and forcibly, as Professor Mead repeats it, if we are to be awakened from our blind confidence in our own system, which more and more divorces the worker from the land and replaces the fruitful labor of improvement by speculation in land values. Professor Mead is specially qualified to write of agricultural reform. As Chairman of the State Rivers and Water Supply Commission of the province of Victoria, he visited Europe to study the results of state aided colonization in Italy, Denmark, Ireland and elsewhere. Under his chairmanship, Victoria carried through an ambitious scheme of settlement on irrigated lands. In 1915, Professor Mead became chairman of the commission on colonization for the state of California, which recommended that the state make an experiment in planned rural colonization. A bill authorizing the establishment of a colony was passed in 1917. The result was the farm colony at Durham which has already demonstrated that even under conditions far from the most favorable in America, state-aided colonization can be made a success from every point of view. The most interesting chapters of Professor Mead's book are those that deal in detail with the practical problems surmounted in establishing the Durham colony.

The state had no free land on which to found its colony. The land had to be purchased by the state commission on terms equally open to private buyers of land. But since it was buying a large tract the commission could afford to make a systematic survey of available lands, with elaborate soil tests that gave a guarantee of real value. The state was not undertaking the enterprise with charitable intent; it advanced the money for the purchase of the land, and much of the money for improvements, but it expected the repayment of the money, with interest, and there appears to be no doubt that the payments will be made as they fall due. The colonist, then, does not have cheap land or particularly cheap money in his favor. Where he made his chief initial gains was in the fact that the commission could buy at wholesale and could apply large scale methods to improvement and construction, so that the colonist, instead of struggling for years with inadequate equipment, could promptly bring his farm up to the level of full productiveness. Through cooperative buying the colony provides itself with better stock and at lower prices than isolated farmers could secure; cooperative selling enables the community to get good prices for its products. The net result, so far as the colonists are concerned, is a wholesome, hopeful life instead of the demoralizing uncertainty of a tenant's existence or the desperate struggle against overwhelming odds of the typical owner with inadequate capital. So far as the state is concerned, the chief result is a vastly greater food production, under conditions that insure constant improvement of the soil. One fact which will interest the Single Taxers is that the area comprised within the settlement at Durham now pays ten thousand dollars of taxes more than it paid while it remained in the shape of undeveloped large holdings. That is a ten thousand dollar fine on progress, if you think of it.

When it became clear that the Durham colony was successful, the state authorized the establishment of another colony, the improvement of which is now under way. Outside of California nothing has been done, as yet, although in many states the conditions making for successful colony development are, in the opinion of Professor Mead, more favorable than in California. We ought to have at least one experimental colony in every Atlantic seaboard state. We ought to be learning the art of colony organization, for the experience of all the countries that are grappling seriously with the rural problem indicates that the path of progress lies through group settlement and cooperation. And our rural problem is one whose solution can not be indefinitely postponed.

A. J.

Recovering the Past

The Parliamentary History of Staffordshire, by Josiah C. Wedgewood. London: Harrison & Sons.

THOSE who know Colonel Wedgewood only as the most gallant of the few remaining independents in the present House of Commons do not know where his real heart is to be found. When the last Russian debate is over, when the last ounce of irritation has been squeezed from a baffled and perspiring under-secretary for foreign affairs, it is to the British Museum that Colonel Wedgewood betakes himself for rest. He is of the race of British antiquaries and it is a noble and selfless breed. For them, there is none of the pomp and circumstance of great discovery or resounding generalization. They do not give birth to Mommsens or to Guizots. Like moles, they work in a twilight world. They prepare the materials for a picture it is not given them to paint. Once, perhaps, in half a century the great historian compresses their dust-covered volumes into three lines of text; and they get a footnote of gratitude as the mechanic is thanked by the engineer.

It cannot be too often emphasized that the journeyman in history, like the journeyman in science, is evidence of how deep the creative instinct is rooted in man could we but learn how to call it into being. Few people outside of Staffordshire will essay three formidable volumes in which we have brief notes on the men sent by the county and its boroughs to Parliament. They know their Staffordshire from the marvellous palimpsest of Arnold Bennett; perhaps they do not stop to dream that it has a history. Yet it is in the study of the provinces of England that one above all learns how manifold are the streams which

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flow to the great ocean of her national life. The liberties of England have been the fruit of local institutionalism. We must study local history if we would wrest the secret from its guardian.

The first volume of this book is typical of the work done by English antiquaries in the recovery of the buried past. No one except the author can adequately estimate the labor that has gone to its making. Musty parish records in that most irritating of graphologies the Elizabethan script, ancient wills, and the records of boroughs that are now but fleeting hamlets passed upon a train journey. All these must be adventured. Yet there is life in the result. John Fleetwood who turned the chancel of his village church into a parlor, and, so the indignant clerk records, made a kitchen from its steeple, stirs restlessly even on the printed page. Humphrey Stafford who arms his men with "gilt nails and gilt spurs" against the rebel Jack Cade is a typical upholder of law and order born four centuries out of time. There is a pure flavor of modernity about that Humphrey Welles who, though an "adversary to religion" is yet accounted by his bishop "better learned" than the rest of the flock. The hopes and fears and dreams by which these medieval men were stirred are in substance and at bottom our own. What changes is less the ideal than the channel through which it seeks an ultimate fruition.

There is a deep interest in America in the history of England; and it is right that it should be so. Men like Gross and Adams, Haskins and McIlwain have established the right of American thinkers to speculate about its problems. And in the quality of their work there is to be found the title of their right to admonition. American scholarship is searching in noble fashion a scope that is international in its interests. There are students hardly less abundant than the materials with which to work. It will be a great day in the history of learning when the interest of statesmen in the record of the past becomes real enough to make accessible the materials that exist. Only a few towns have made their records available to the student who, at Harvard or Yale, sits dreaming of a voyage to England for a time too brief to adventure more than a hasty testing of his tools. Not even the surface of parish records, ancient wills, manorial customs, has been scratched.

It would be difficult to exaggerate their import. What lies there buried is the root of fundamental law and custom. What can spring out of these dry bones is a living past in which we see ourselves as in a mirror. Private enterprise can do little towards the thorough sifting of a mass so huge as this. A few men like Colonel Wedgewood will give their scanty leisure to its analysis. A chance genius like Mr. Sidney Webb will show us that the science of government lies more truly buried in its understanding than in the thousand volumes of the Parliamentary Debates or the eleven *folios* of the Statutes of the Realm. The British government has learned within the last five years that, in mere material terms, the starvation of scholarship is a tragic loss. Government subvention will not make great history, but at least it will make great history possible. What the German government did for the inscriptions of ancient Rome is surely not beyond the scope of fitness for the palimpsest of local England. A statesman who was generous in this kingdom would receive the grateful thanks of all who care for the understanding of events.

H. J. L.

Amy Lowell and the Poetry of Pictures

Pictures of the Floating World, by Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

HOW is it that in reading the poetry of Miss Lowell the sense of being on an elevator constantly impinges upon one? It is partly because of the swiftness of movement. One is sped through a thousand years of history, or else, the continents being elevated, one travels with speed through one or two of them. The movement is swift, and there is control in the machine that carries one.

In the latest volume, Pictures of the Floating World, one is again given the sense of swiftness and of safe delivery. We see stands of curious Chinese and Japanese things as we move upward. We have glimpses of gardens. We are allowed to come face to face with remarkable pictures, and we may look into interiors where lonely people walk about and make gestures. In this poetry there is an insistence upon things seen by the outer eye that really gives us a sense of unpossession. Does not Mr. Yeats say somewhere—his instances are Virgil's Golden Bough and Keats's Grecian Urn—that all picture-making in literature produces a certain sadness because it no longer gives us the abundant and vital life that belongs to literature at its prime. What would he say of this poetry that is all picture-making, and picture-making, as one might say, that is at one or two removes from the place where the older poets stood?

What is oftenest said about Miss Lowell is that she has remarkable power and quite unique industry. But if that was all that's to be said we could easily let her work go. The important thing, however, about Miss Lowell is that she is a poet, that is to say, she can convey emotional intensity in arresting and beautiful and rhythmic language. She does not always do this, but she does it quite often. And what she writes apart from her best utterance is written with a passion for invention and discovery. For this reason a book by Miss Lowell is always an alive and an exciting possession.

Her authentic poetry such as Patterns in Men, Women and Ghosts, and Frimaire and A Bather in the present volume come out of sensuous eagerness, out of passionate desire. All her poems strive to be a Hymn to Physical Beauty. Falling back from that they become poems of desire unattainable:

> So we nod above the broken
> Stems of flowers almost rotted.
> Many mornings there cannot be now
> For us both. Ah, Dear, I love you!

The triumphant achievement in Pictures of the Floating World is A Bather, written after a picture by Andreas Zorn:

> And hidden, like fruit, by the swift intermittence of leaves,
> So, clinging to branches and moss, you advance on the ledges
> Of rock which hang over the stream, with the wood smells about you,
> The pungence of strawberry plants, and of gum-oozing spruces,

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While below runs the water, impatient, impatient,—to take you,
To splash you, to run down your sides, to sing you of deepness,
Of pools brown and golden, with brown-and-gold flags on their borders,
Of blue, lingering skies floating solemnly over your beauty,
Of undulant water a-sway in the effort to hold you,
To keep you submerged and quiescent while over you glories
The Summer.

The weakness in the spiritual force that is behind these poems is self-pity—a self-pity that has to be transcended by a poet:

FALLING SNOW

The snow whispers about me,
And my wooden clogs
Leave holes behind me in the snow.
But no one will pass this way
Seeking my footsteps,
And when the temple bell rings again
They will be covered and gone.

This is suggested by a Chinese picture, and may properly be supposed to be a dramatic utterance. But the feeling is echoed in other dramatic poems—in Autumn, for instance, and in Appuldurcombe Park.

One is led to think that for Miss Lowell it is a bad day when she does not write a piece of verse. It would seem as if she writes as one practises on an instrument, and there are many verses in this collection that are nothing more than exercises—something is seen, there is a mental reaction and both are set down. The things seen are interesting, and the mental reactions are often memorable, but Miss Lowell should spare her powers for the things she feels deeply and cares greatly about.

It is certain, however, that she can make an entertaining book. Pictures of the Floating World is entertaining as a book of pictures. We go from Japanese and Chinese scenes into Western streets and parks and gardens. Everywhere we are shown picturesque things. And then Miss Lowell plays solitaire when "all good folks have put out their bed room candles" and we are let look over her shoulder. She turns up and arranges cards with quaint and delightful devices upon them—"wrought dice cups in Pagan Temples," "broken flutings of white pillars." There is more than all this for her company. The quaint cards are sometimes laid down, and we are made to listen to what is a bitter or a passionate reading of life.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Time and Eternity

Time and Eternity, a tale of three exiles, by Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran & Co.

LIKE a Hindoo magician, Gilbert Cannan in Time and Eternity builds the vision of three exiles struggling towards an undefined ideal. Cleanly chosen words and effective gestures create an impression of titan souls and great things stirring; but a photographic plate would reveal only two men of less than moderate stature, partially atoned for by a girl who excites the imagination.

Stephen Lawrie is an Englishman of birth who found the world was too much with him. He withdrew from his class. He lived grubbily in a poor section of London alone with his thoughts. The war was going forward. He ignored it. He was waiting until his hour should come. In his own expectation, in the opinion of his friends, apparently in the mind of the author, this would be the dawn of a considerable day.

But one doubts. When an idealist draws apart from the throng it is difficult to tell whether he has gone for forty days into the wilderness, or merely into the corner to suck his thumb. In Lawrie's case it seems to have been the latter.

People sought Stephen with their troubles, we are told. His countenance shone. He had "big, sorrowful eyes." Women kissed his hands. He is even said to be the soul of England. Perhaps the key to his character is given in the first few pages where he confesses to a bad liver. At any rate, his radiance does not reach the reader.

"What happens in Time has no bearing on what happens in Eternity." Such is Stephen's creed; and its fallacy is the measure of his failure. He is turned inward. He has no contact with objective realities. He lacks the stuff to save either others or himself. Presented as a hero, he is rather a holy smoke.

To the lodgings of this magnetic apparition comes Perekatov, a Russian Jew living in England, alumnus of pogroms and the 1905 revolution. He has passed the phase of actually fighting for human liberties (the coming of which he believes to be inevitable); and awaits some vaguer day. His, however, is a literal spirit which would reduce the cosmic puzzle to a, b, c; yet he is troubled by the gift of prophecy, latent and still unreleased. He therefore seeks out the disembodied Lawrie as a natural affinity.

These two might have stewed away to nothingness in their own juice, if it had not been for Valerie. She is the child of the South African veldt. She, too, is apart from the emotion-wave of the world war. Not because she shrinks from its grimness. But because she can remember the days when Britain was not too proud to fight a handful of free citizens and make them her dependencies. She is filled with the wrong of a father slain and a hearthstone broken by the conqueror's heel. She, too, is self-exiled. But she has run forward to meet more of life, rather than away to hide from any of it.

She is, in fact, the complete refutation of Lawrie's theories. Her unstated platform might well have been "To seize upon the things in Time is to march with Eternity." While Perekatov and Lawrie were looking to some future leadership of the throng which they disdained, Valerie was living and creating as the seconds ticked by.

She opened a flat and a studio in London. Rag-tag, shabby Bohemia, deserters, demi-mondaines, publicity promoters, and a soldier, hung upon her like leeches. She knew herself to be exploited, yet she continued to give freely of her property and her personality. She had a sense of responsibility to all who made claim upon her. She did not withhold her energies nor refuse an atom of experience. She could climb to Heaven's Gate on Jacob's Ladder. Its foothold was on the earth.

Its particular pedestal was Lawrie. He met her one noon at a restaurant. The attraction was instantaneous. It is, in fact, the great achievement of this book that the passion of Valerie and Stephen is dramatized vividly. It is the outlet for her tempestuous creative activity, and the solution of his self-puzzled spirit.

Though the book frequently reveals such creative strokes, though its general plan is majestically conceived, yet it conveys the sense of being a preliminary work. Just as

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The New Machiavelli gave evidence of a restless intelligence which was to realize itself further in The Research Magnificent, so Time and Eternity suggests the need for a future work which will see the thing through. The sculptor is still groping. He has chiseled out, in Valerie, a figure of searching beauty; but the outlines of the two other exiles are uncertain. The general conception, though hinted at, is still a mere sketch.

J. C. L.

Short Stories From The Spanish, Englished by Charles B. McMichael. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THESE seven tales are marked by charm and delicacy, rather than by strength and passion. The first two, by Ruben Dario, are beautiful and romantic pieces of word painting. Dario strikes a more sombre note in The Box; but here also the poet's fancy softens the asperity of the story. Jacinto Octavio Picon is more realistic in his themes and in his style. He is more of a story teller and less of a poet. There is a fine ironic touch in the conclusion of After The Battle, and a rumble of suppressed power in The Menace.

Certainly one of the most appealing of the stories is Adios Cordera by Leopoldo Alas. With remarkable sympathy, quite free from sentimentality, the author describes the affection between the peasant boy and girl, Pinin and Rosa, and the pet cow, Cordera. Twice the modern invention, the railroad, comes into their lives with devastating effect. First it carries off Cordera, sacrificed to the stern demands of a creditor. And then, years later, it takes away Pinin, an unwilling conscript, destined, like Cordera, for the shambles. It is difficult to convey adequately the fascination of a story in which the form is so much more important than the substance. But Alas's tale leaves behind that haunting sense of mingled beauty and pathos that is perhaps the highest test of achievement in the field of the imaginative short story.

Judge McMichael's translation is generally effective, although it sometimes suffers from excessively conscientious literalness.

W. H. C.

A Correction

Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Howe have just published an American edition of The New Germany by George Young (credited in our issue of June 3rd to the English publisher Constable). They are also about to bring out R. H. Tawney's The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society (reviewed in our same issue and there credited to George Allen and Unwin of London), in a revised and considerably extended version under the title of The Acquisitive Society.

Contributors

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